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THE

LEGISLATURE

OF

MASSACHUSETTS.

1873.

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MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE

OF 1873.

RESOLUTIONS OFFERED, AND REMARKS THEREON,
BY

GEORGE A. MARDEN,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION, ON WEDNESDAY,
JUNE 11TH, 1873.

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THE LEGISLATURE OF 1873.

On the afternoon of the last day of the session but one, Wednesday, June 11, after resolutions complimentary to the Speaker, Clerk, and Sergeant-at-arms had been passed, and speeches had been made in eulogy of them, the House took a recess of three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Crocker of Boston was then called to the Chair, and Mr. Marden of Lowell, remarking that in this hour of general eulogy the Legislature of '73 seemed likely to be forgotten, asked leave to introduce the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were read by the Clerk.

Preamble and Resolutions in regard to the Legislature of Massachusetts, for Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-three.

WHEREAS this Legislative body
Of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three
Has often been set down as one
"No better than it ought to be;"

WHEREAS the critics oft have censured
The work we've tried our best to do,
And in their strictures have included
Our motives and our wisdom, too;

WHEREAS we've been accused of adding
Some grievous burdens to the taxes,
By in a reckless manner giving
To every claimant what he "axes;"

WHEREAS, because we don't adjourn,
All sorts of jokes about are flitting,
And we are very plainly told
That our besetting sin is sitting;

WHEREAS we have been criticised
In nearly all we've done official—
Our "general" acts especially,
And gen'rally acts that are "special;"

Therefore, *Resolved*, this Legislature,
Of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three,
Is just about as good a body
As our constituents often see.

Resolved, that in the strictest sense
Of Duty we have tried to labor,
Considering each the State's good first,
And treating like himself his neighbor.

Though liberal, we've prudent been,
Though talkative, without verbosity;
And prompt to act, while guarding still
Against a dangerous velocity.

Resolved, that as we now must part,
The session's troubles we will banish,
And in its milder mem'ries shall
It's harsher recollections vanish.

Resolved, that as the years go by,
Till we shall pay the debt of Nature,
We will not blush for '73,
When we were in the Legislature.

The House then unanimously voted that leave be given to introduce the resolutions, when Mr. Marden spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker:

No doubt when we came here, five months ago,
'T was with good resolutions what we'd do.
And if beginning well shall often tend
To bring us safely to a prosperous end,
So ending well what we have well begun,
Makes more complete the business we have done.
And so I hope the House will vote *en masse*
That these good resolutions ought to pass.
For 't is a truth 't were well to recollect,
The world respects him who hath relf-respect;
And though our critics all may growl and carp,
And correspondents write their notes so sharp,
And dip their pens in a revengeful gall,
"*Fiat justitia*, though the Heavens fall!"

That was our motto when we went to work
And chose the gallant Colonel* for our Clerk—
An act no member ever will regret,
At any rate no member's done so yet.
For though some clerks may write a sharper letter.
No one has ever filled the office better.
Charles was not modelled on the proverb plan,
That takes "nine Taylors" for a single man,
But in his make-up, rather, there combine
Virtues enough in one to furnish nine.
Happy the members who shall come up here
And help elect him for another year!

* Col. Chas. H. Taylor.

Another job which we think pretty fair
Was in the way we filled the Speaker's chair.
The vote for Sanford certainly was flattering;
The only other candidate was "Scattering."
And were the work today to be re-done,
Not even "Scattering" would dare to run.
For all concede that Sanford's filled the place
With an abundant dignity and grace.
To Senator Wilson's seat we didn't choose him
Only because we didn't want to lose him.
Urbane, yet firm, with promptness in decision,
Which very seldom needs the least revision,
The knottiest tangle he will quick unravel,
Subdue the cheekiest member with his gavel.
The House for smoothness with which business goes
Much praise to his "presiding genius" owes,
And by and by, when the fit time shall come,
He'll send his "message" from a neighboring room.

Of course John Morrisey was re-elected—
That is a thing that's generally expected.
The Major always knows what he's about;
No light field-battery can shell him out.
The sharpest shots will always fail to strike him,
Because he has a way to make folks like him.
The winning smile upon his rosy face
Adds to the charm of his unequalled grace;
As long as he keeps them he'll keep his place.

The Chaplain, too, has proved a model man;
He prays as brief as anybody can.
But in his terse and eloquent petitions
Leaves no impression that he's made omissions.
He does not do as some do in that place—

Address the members *and* the Throne of Grace,
But, as he leads us earnestly up there,
Omits the preaching while he makes his prayer.
Asks from on high the wisdom that we lack,
Nor seeks, himself, to put us on the track.
A "model chaplain," as I said before;
And saying this, I do not need *Sey-mour*.

Now pardon me, pray, while I briefly allude
To some men on this floor, and I'll try not be rude.
I can't name them all, for I haven't the time,
And a good many of them have names that won't rhyme.
But they all help to make up the record at last,
To vindicate which these Resolves should be passed.
But remember while each one my playful muse rallies,
She "extenuates" much, but "sets naught down in malice."
And should she not give *all* due justice she mentions,
It's the fault of her judgment and not her intentions.

J. H. Abbott of Malden comes first on the list,
Whose presence for several weeks past we have missed.
'T is said at the session held "extra," last fall,
That he railed at insurance so much in this hall,
That while he possessed the most fluent of tongues,
It wasn't backed up by a strong pair of lungs;
So he's had to give up all his work for a time,
And seek renewed health in a sunnier clime.
He's a jolly good fellow, whatever they say,
And we're all very sorry to have him away;
And as for insurance we pardon his ire,
We can't blame a burnt child for dreading the fire.

There is Allen of Lynn, he is one of the two
Elected as "liberals"—and that was two few.
For for one who was anxious to help elect Greeley
He's a much better fellow than you'd expect—really.
He don't bore with speeches, but all those who sit
Near his place in the House will bear witness he's wit;
And the thickest of sophistry's always "too thin"
To impose on the judgment of Allen of Lynn.

Brother Bacon of Lawrence leads off on the B's,
He's the man whose election aroused such a breeze.
Some thought his opponent did really defeat him,
But we liked him so well that we couldn't unseat him.
He's a democrat, true, but he's not very hearty—
Not so much on that side to be charged as "ex-party."
On political questions he travels *incog.*,
For Bacon, of course, would not "go the whole hog."
But still I've no doubt he would "bristle up" quick,
If he thought his opponents were playing a trick.
He's well balanced in mind, an original thinker,
And in mending the laws no itinerant tinker,
But is noted as much for the breadth of his view
As his logical manner of putting it, too.

There is Bailey of Charlestown, so quick in debate,
Whose retorts are so sharp, and are never too late;
Who questions opponents with similar ease
To that of the famous old Greek, Socrates,
But parries a question himself like a lancer,
Unless, as is usual, he's ready to answer.
And however rebuffed by the hardest of knocks,
He quickly jumps up like a Jack-in-the-box.
So well he has learned parliamentary law,
That the Chair must look sharp or he shows it a flaw;

And in three terms of service, by diligence annual,
He is fully acquainted with all in the "Manual."
And when pleading shall fail, or a speech of didactics,
He skilfully turns to the science of tactics;
Which I need not illustrate, because each will find
Some recent examples so fresh in his mind.
I am not finding fault with this proof of his art,
I only am showing that Bailey is smart.

For Bardwell of Deerfield I've only a word—
He's a member from whom very little is heard;
But he never is known to sit on the fence,
And when he *does* talk, he always talks sense.

From Pittsfield there comes one of whom it is said
He's as sound in his heart as he's clear in his head;
Who never wastes words, or preaches, or howls,
And though always a Barker's not given to growls.
And who puts every point in so honest a way
That he makes *us* think *he* thinks just what he may say;
And however we might of his arguments doubt
We are sure that he knows what he's talking about.
And 't was owing to this, more than all that was said,
That the Lee and New Haven fared well as it did.

Until George Bartholmesz never before
Has a native born German had a seat on this floor,
And we fear he never again will appear
In a place where they say it is wrong to drink beer.

Next Benton of Brookline is found in the B's,
Who helps in defending the treasury keys.
He's a vigilant man, but a liberal, too,
And knows what is best, and what *not* best to do.

And a popular man, as we learned in debate,
If the Brookline annexers are true when they state
That he got his election in spite of vexation
He always exhibits against annexation.
But view this opinion in whatever light
Brookline voters were Bent-on achieving the right.

The Crispins are ended, though one once a Knight,
Berge of Lynn, comes to see that labor's used right.
But in spite of his crotchets, which time will soon mellow,
Though *Labor's* his forte he's a *Capital* fellow.

Two Bigelows stand on the roll of the House—
The first, Edward L., is as still as a mouse.
But the second at speaking is seldom so loth
That he will not do quite enough talking for both.
And John knows so well just what's made and what's lost on
The annual trade of the "Merchants of Boston,"
That it seems as if like as a pedlar his pack
He carries the whole Board of Trade on his back,
As well as protects, in his guardian range,
The Chamber of Commerce and Merchants Exchange.
And when he once gets any project on foot
He "sticks and he hangs like a dog to a root,"
And though on each stage you may cut off his head
He is one of those chaps who will never stay dead.
Still we like the bright fellow, and wish him all luck
For his jolly good nature and wonderful pluck.

The next B that from the great hive here emerges
When christened he ought to've been called Boanerges.
"Sanford Waters" and "Billings" compose his full name,
Which seems quite enough for so slender a frame;

But wait till he speaks and you'll find he is such
That you won't think his cognomen any too much.
And when on the egg-bill he played such a part
And took opposition so plainly to heart,
I heard it remarked by a shrewd-headed farmer,
That he looked like a Bantam but crowed like a Brahma.
But Billings, of all men, is never the one
To take an offence at some good natured fun.
He knows every member from centre to rim,
And I'm sure it is true every member knows him.
And hence we unanimously come to agree
That if there's a square man 't is certainly he.

Taunton sends us one Black, who is making his mark,
As it might be expected in Black—he keeps dark.

Captain Blankinship comes from an old whaling town,*
Which is blank-in-ships now, since the business went down,
But still though she sighs for the times that have been
She has a large "lay" in some whaling good men.

Of the members who *can* talk but vow that they *won't*,
There's the member from Haverhill, William E. Blunt.
But he out-works us all, from town or from city,
For he's Clerk of the judiciary committee.

Dr. Bonney spoke once — on the "pharmacy bill,"
Which the House without mercy determined to kill.
But I say (and I do it without any flattery),
The Doctor shot well with his great mortar battery;
But he found when with Bowker he hastened to wrestle
There are some things you can't bray with mortar and pestle;
For Bowker to questions analysis brings,
And carefully *extracts* the *essence* of things;

*New Bedford.

And though you may think you have tripped up his feet,
The next turn you find that he won't give up beat.

Of Bradley of Rockport the view that I have is
He ought to be counted a real *rara avis*,
For I'm told that he stands in that strangest position
Of a democrat voting for strict prohibition.

Conspicuous 'mongst all the B's now, indeed,
Belongs the benevolent Bowman B. Breed,
He is one of the few who follow the way
Of never to speak when they've nothing to say;
A *Breed* of law-makers of which were there more
To sit in this House wouldn't be such a bore.

Of the C's there is one who will tell you the truth—
The member from Chelsea who's name is Carruth,
And I might say the same of Chapin, E. W.,
If to name all the honest men now wouldn't trouble you,
But the fact is just what the Resolves you've heard say—
There are nothing but honest men known in our day.

I have worked on the name of Chisholm some time,
And all the fault with it is that it won't rhyme.
It's a very good name of a very good man,
Who on railroads believed the "majority" plan,
And showed, as he thought, Granger wildest of dreamers
To believe that the Fitchburg could "dock those five steamers."

Three Clarks the roll bears — all are good men and true,
Though they don't always take of the laws the same view —
But then what three men in all creation do?

If there is a man in the House that I pity,
It is he at the head of the Railway Committee,
For of all of the work that's been done on this floor,
The Tunnel, of course, has been the great bore.
Codman worked for two months by day and by night
To "consolidate" so as to not have a fight;
But I am sorry to say the result came to pass
Like that in the fable of man, boy and ass:
You remember whatever arrangement was made
Somebody would cry for a different trade.
And so 't was in this case, consulting the many
Resulted at last in not pleasing any;
But though the plan met with the fiercest assault,
Nobody can say that the Colonel's in fault,
For he made, in his speeches, the whole thing so candid
It couldn't be said 't was at all underhanded.

Who is this that comes next in position and name?
A leader by talent as well as by fame?
When he rises to speak with his eloquent grace,
With his fore-finger raised, and a side-long turned face,
With his hair and full beard falling down in grey masses,
And a pair of blue eyes shining bright through his glasses,
The House never fails to listen with care,
For it knows that such orators always are rare.
The treasures of culture are at his command,
The storehouse of learning opes under his hand,
And whether his *role* be attack or defence,
'T is sure to be founded on good common sense;
And of him it is true, as the Roman once gave it,
Namely—*Quod nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.*
I believe though 't is true that we all are of those
Who sometimes have thought Cogswell trod on our toes.

Yet I fancy as now we look back on the past,
We'll be just to the member from Yarmouth at last,
And own that the path he so strictly has trod,
Was governed by right, and not twisted by fraud.

And what shall I say of our Boston friend, Cook?
So cheeky of action, and cheery of look!
There are times when he seems to have taken a notion
To try and invent a perpetual "motion."
How often we've heard that clear ringing note
From his lips: "Mr. Speaker! Sir, I doubt that vote!"
And though to admit we are not at all loth
That too many Cooks might perhaps spoil our broth,
I am sure that the House, for the sake of the fun,
Would never be willing to part with this one.

We gain very much by carefully heeding
The hints of the Chairman of Bills in Third Reading,
But I fear he will find he's increased his own work
By tempting committees their labor to shirk,
For they all draw their bills in this careless light—
That if they are wrong Crocker 'll make them all right.
But besides doing this in the manner I state,
Our friend also shows a fine gift for debate,
And many dark questions were lucky to find
A ray of new light from his luminous mind.

To Cummings of Woburn we owe many thanks
That we know what we do about Banking and Banks.
A shrewd business man, but one who has heart
To help both the causes of Science and Art.

There is Davis who comes from the seaside Cohasset,
Who offered the egg-bill and tried hard to pass it.

There is Edwards, who gave us a fine reading, which I
Have never heard equalled in "Barbara Freitchie."

And Ely, who hated so badly to fail
To charter that Land Company at Springvale.

Fall River sent Fairbanks—has sent him before,
And next fall most likely will send him once more.
Who, when on a favorite subject may get,
He can just everlastingly talk now, you bet!
But not to be tiresome; never you fear,
For he talks, when he talks, so that folks want to hear.
But when on the railroad discussion, you know,
He brandished that pointer both right and left so,
That those on the front seat their heads had to duck
Lest with Fairbanks's argument they would be struck.

Chelsea sends two ex-mayors—viz: Fletcher and Fitz;
Both are lacking in hair, but not wisdom or wits;
And if Chelsea's no deader than they seem to be,
She's as lively a city as you'd care to see.

I am sure I don't need by a preface to herald
The name of that *preux chevalier* John Fitzgerald;
So stalwart of limb, so erect in his form,
So magnetic a voice in its calm or its storm,
Such a black piercing eye (and I mean it no raillery)
That it has its effect even up in the gal-lery,
So jaunty a mien, and so gallant an air,
Such a wealth of mustache and of raven black hair;
Ah! the maiden that this manly comeliness gets,
May well boast the charms of the jovial Fitz.
He's a democrat, though of a liberal stamp,
Whom you can't always find in the democrats' camp.
And on suffrage, and railroads, and such other themes,
He lets party go, from his voting it seems.
For Fitz in some points is most terribly human,.

And couldn't deny anything to a woman;
But stood out to the last at the railroad "love feast"—
The only one there who'd not yield in the least.

There is Thomas Fitzgerald, who is to a dot
Whatever his neighbor and namesake is not,—
Except that from Erin and Boston both come,
And that both are good fellows, abroad or at home.

There is Fletcher of Littleton, spite of whose crutch
You can't find the rest get ahead of him much.

And Gardner of Hancock leads off on the G's,
Who couldn't get home in time to plant peas.
Nor even in season to hoe or to stick 'em,
And his gardening this year will be but to pick 'em.

There is Gilbert, the veteran, the member from Gloucester,
The oldest by rank on the General Court roster,
The father 'f the House, who bears to the nation
A sort of general "federal relation."

'T was Goddard of Princeton whose course here commenced with
To move that the "bill's further reading's dispensed with."
But this duty one day was laid on the shelf
By an order that it be dispensed with itself.
Since which I believe that scarcely a word
From the mouth of the member from Princeton's been heard.

Brownell Granger of Boston showed wondrous abilities
In creating at will the great "terminal facilities."
And he brought the whole Cunard line into "five docks,"
Which he built in one night, without timber or rocks.

And he showed, for a draughtsman, so difficult 't is n't
To blot out what is, or to create what is n't.
But I'm sure I would rather be beaten by Granger
Than to win against many a less plucky ranger.

Brother Hall of New Bedford has lost so much hair
That he takes a bad cold when he sits in the air.
And so on the bare spot on top of his head—
(A spot rendered famous by old "Uncle Ned,")
He places with care, so to cover the gap
From the draught of the air, a handsome silk cap.
I need not remind you, because you all know it,
That the handsome silk cap has a large brain below it.

There is one man who cannot be fooled or be gammoned:
He comes from old Cambridge, his name it is Hammond.
He never is flashy, or fretty, or flighty—
As was said of the rooster—"He's small, but O, mighty!"
And when in the area he takes up his stand,
And hammers his points in with uplifted hand,
He makes them appear so distinctly and well,
That in sense as in sound he's as clear as a bell.
But while he has never been known to talk folly,
It is easy to see he's uncommonly jolly;
And a humor behind what he says we espy
That sparkles as does 'neath his glasses his eye.

Our clerical friend, C. V. Hanson, comes next,
Who over the liquor law keeps us perplexed.
And whose fluent remarks are made with such spirit
That they always command the attention they merit.
And those who drink beer (if he gives them no quarter)
Must excuse in a Baptist such fondness for water.

Our Shrewsbury member reported the plans
To get for the farmers their "uniform cans;"
And I'm sure I record with the greatest of pleasure,
That by work and by word he has carried his "measure."

There is Hatch who was charged with receiving a bribe —
A charge whose maligniity words can't describe.

And Hayden of Boston, who couldn't refrain
From saying his say about Cuba and Spain.

And Hayes No. 1, who on excellent grounds,
Defends what is done by committee on towns—
A work that might well the best lawyer perplex,
To in one case divide, and another annex.

And there's Hayes No. 2, who's our Crœsus, you know.
If you take all the stories about him that go.
Who, they say, buys a railroad, with much less ado
Than most men would make in buying a cow,
And pays over millions in helping to buy 'em.
As coolly as you and I spend our *per diem*.
Our friend talks so fair for East, West, North and South,
You'd imagine that butter won't melt in his mouth.
For he wants every section protected with care,
And wouldn't have any one harmed by a hair—
A doctrine that's catholic, generous, wise,
And should not be met with a doubt or surprise.
And to his common sense and sound reason we owe
That "consolidation" was got rid of so.

Brother Haynes up in Townsend, they've chosen a Deacon—
And he'll make for his people a bright, shining beacon.

For he's learned, since he's been here, to carry sail straight,
And returns to his home sober, wise and sedate.

There is Heath, the detective, so fond of a joke,
And his namesake from Douglas who never has spoke;

And Higgins, from Orleans, a man who is not
In any fair sense to be called a bad Lot.

And two Hills we possess, the first one called Amos,
Who by Odd Fellows' bills has made himself famous;

The second, from Boston, who if he's away,
The House can't proceed with the "Orders of Day,"
Because no one else *could* move—as I view it—
That the House should proceed any moment to do it.

There is Holmes of Fall River, who stands in the ranks
As a man who knows all that there is about banks;
Intelligent, honest, and able, and clear,
A trustworthy man, and a good financier.

Northbridge sends us a clergyman—Howard by name,
Who was sure that Charles Sumner was greatly to blame;
And I'm sorry to say not alone in this view,
For the most of the House seemed to think just so too.

Howes of Dennis—of what is the name a suggestion?
Two hundred men utter "The Previous Question!"
His initials I think, and I leave it to you,
Should be changed by a law from "D. P." to "P. Q."

There is Hoyt, too, who seems almost gifted with tongues,
And you'd never suspect he was vexed with weak lungs;
For he talks in this Hall with such vehemence, faith all

His people can hear what he says up in Athol.
Though the Springfield Republican's after him sharp,
And concerning his actions will cavil and carp,
Yet Hoyt is a fellow whom no one dislikes,
Except those who've reason to dread when he strikes.

Deacon Hurlburt of Sudbury's thoroughly human—
And he did "hurl butts" freely at suffrage for woman:
No nonsense about him, and also there ain't
Any lack of a humor as dry as 'tis quaint.

The House has two I's—and joking aside
There are times when she seems to be really cross-Ide.
For the member from Medway will frequently glance
At the things he objects to a little askance.
He told us a tale you remember, one day,
When he was upon suffrage indulging his say,
That caused the suggestion, which was n't quite civil,
For a parson he knew a good deal of the devil;
And that being a bachelor, 't was n't quite fair
He should know about "buttons" the "angels" may wear.
I'd an idea that Ide was a trifle ideal,
But 'tis idle to say Ide 'll not take the real,
For he did'nt vote cider out—not that he wouldn't,
But because that he practically saw that he couldn't.

From Abington Jenkins came, fighting the side
That wanted his town in three parts to divide.

There is Johnson of Lowell, who makes no pretense
To anything more than a good Yankee sense,
But the subject indeed must be much out of joint
When Johnson don't make out a well-defined point.

And then there's from Boston ex-constable Jones.
Who says what he says in such clear manly tones,
And who brings to debate upon criminal law
As level a head as ever you saw.

Judd of Lee showed himself by no means a craven—
You know how he fought the for Lee & New Haven.
And the blow he received through the Governor's veto
He minded no more than he would a mosquito.
"For a veto by vote can be beaten," said he,
"One is v-e-t-o, 'tother v-o-t-e."
But he found on the count that it is n't so strange
That a veto should more than a single vote change.

Keith of Abington came here the chief in command
Of the anti-division-and-disunion band.
And he brandished his pointer as though 't were a sabre.
And routed with slaughter each disunion neighbor.
And not only they to his prowess did yield,
But the whole town committee lay dead on the field.

Though no lass to the grace of our membership adds.
We've a couple exceedingly promising Ladds.
One an old legislator, and often has been it
His fortune to serve in the House or the Senate.
He's an orator born, and can well plead a cause
For repealing the old or for making new laws;
And when he went in with such eloquent will
To make the House pass the "minority bill,"
We upon 'tother side gave him up all the honors
And supposed for a time that we really were "goners."

The other Ladd hammers his arguments in
As though at his forge he were driving a pin,

And he knows what some members on this floor do not—
Namely—Always to strike when the iron is hot.

If the State powers ever *are* made railroad keepers,
They will find in this House a good stock of sleepers.
And one I would name is from Haverhill—well
I only will say it begins with an L.
But Lancaster knows how to quietly sleep,
And still for the business one eye open keep.

Loughlin's forte is his speech, and he lets not a word,
When the House he addresses, e'er fail to be heard.
And when Daniel O'Connell's great mantle was dropped
It wandered about till on Loughlin it stopped.
The Yankee and Irish in him both do meet,
To give us an orator strong and complete.
The two crossed in one a phenomenon are—
E Pluribus Unum and *Erin go Bragh*.

If any bill has any monkery in it,
The member from Burlington's surely "agin it."

And so would be Mason, who's wise as a judge;
Who so careful decides, but decided don't budge.
On some things while cautious, in others he's bold,
Quite ardent in some, and in others quite cold,
And oftenest coming out radical when
You'd have thought him among the conservative men.

McDaniel of Cambridge is one of the cloth—
A liberal preacher and practiser both;
And because when he speaks he never is dry
He heads the committee on "water supply."
He is one of the few with whom 'tis the case
To hit the right word to fill the right place.

There is one Moore from Concord, whom nothing can suit
So well as to be midst his corn and his fruit,
But he came here last winter, and simply because
He thought that the farmers deserved some Moore laws.
On commercial manures he got so much riled
That the member from Lowell he fiercely reviled,
And wouldn't be pacified till, would you think!
He was asked to take something "anhydrous" to drink.

John A. Nowell you know well you cannot inveigle—
He looks and he fights like an ancient bald eagle,
And when he gets warmed up his eloquence seems
Like that great bird of prey indulging in screams.
He takes, like a Modoc, a fiendish delight
In whatever promises something to fight,
And whether he loses, or whether he wins,
He is happy to kick or be kicked on the shins.
And like Paddy at Donnybrook Fair he will dote
On having you tread on the tail of his coat.
But this I will say for belligerent John,
It is usually shams that he warreth upon.

Dr. Packard, you know, tried so hard to curtail
The State House Department of General Dale,
And we had to believe from the warmth of his wrath
That the path of this war was a Homœopath.

There is Palmer, another Bostonian, too,
So nervous, so sharp, and an orator who
Can speak out his mind on a theme he believes
Till you think of a thunder-storm under the eaves:
And by this I don't mean that Palmer will "spout,"
For you know that he knows what he's talking about,

But simply to say that he's often dramatic,
And believes that it's best to be *sometimes* emphatic.

The junior among us is Wm. C. Parker,
Who has proved an adept as a pithy remarker;
And who did n't appear to be much of a joker
When quoting those "extracts" against Dr. Bowker.

Patch of Boston 'gainst jobs is a sturdy resistant,
Of the treasury bull-dog he is an assistant,
While Phillips of Salem affords him relief
As the Cerberus proper, or bull-dog-in-chief.
From the places they hold they're expected to growl,
But they seldom attack unless something is foul.
And I'm sure they advise us to nothing that's rash
In whatever concerns the Commonwealth's cash.

There is Plunkett of Adams, who's grown up so tall,
In attempts to look *over* the great Hoosac wall,
And though he long since gave up trying to do it,
He hopes pretty soon he perhaps may see *through* it.
He does n't believe it exists in the powers
Of men to succeed when they work but ten hours.

I suspect that the reason why cider was left
To be sold, that the farmers might not be bereft
Of the profits of apples and orchards, indeed,
Was because of the influence of J. Henry Read.
The member from Westford can give you a glass
That even Fitzgerald would say is first class.

There is Salmon of Boston, an odd sort of fish,
Who lets us be absent whenever we wish.

And two Sangers we have—the first one, George J.,
A clergyman not with a clerical way,
Who sometimes, indeed, has most soberly spoke,
But who has a keen humor, and loves a good joke.
And as for the Judge, in physique and in brain,
He's a model of whom we're inclined to be vain.
And especially since I am able to state
That he's fully as good as we know he is great.

Sargent keeps a sharp eye upon what's going on,
And though sober himself don't object to see fun.
He's an honest, a useful, a wise legislator,
A parliamentarian, and ready debater,
But of all of his speeches that one was most nobby
In which he so scarified one of the lobby.

There's Sawtelle of New Bedford, who always votes "no"
Upon every question where money's to go.

And Blackstone sends Scott with a heart like an ox,
Who gave the ten-hour bill sundry hard knocks.

There is Sears from the Cape who began his career
With a joke on the time for prohibiting beer.
And the House always likes to see him arise,
For he's petulant, jolly, and witty and wise.
No wonder a man with so taking a way
Should have put in a bill for an increase of pay.

Robert Seaver—"Old Seaver" he likes to be called—
For his good-natured way can't be too much extolled;
May he live long and prosper, and never be vexed
By learning that West Roxbury won't be annexed.

And may Shattuck of Boston continue to be a
Defender of homœ'path pharmacopeia.

Two Smiths, and two only, are found on our list—
The first is from Boston, and keeps very whist.
The other is known from the mountains to sea
As the popular caterer, Joshua B.
He is boundless in resources, whether you seek
Him to get up a dinner, or get up to speak;
When he gave up his seat to a lady one day
He started a gallant and pleasanter way,
And that true equal rights are no longer a myth
On this floor, why the ladies must thank Mr. Smith.
Then he fought for Charles Sumner, his personal friend,
In a way that all true men could not but commend.
And he made a most eloquent speech here one day,
By placing before us that splendid bouquet.

This House is immortal, for here on the roll
I find it possesses an immortal Soule.
As a lawyer he stands in the very first rank;
As a man he's agreeable, genial and frank;
As a speaker his logic is close and compact,
And is strong in the law as it is in the fact.

Splaine of Boston is modest—'tis almost in vain
That you ask him for aught that he rise and ex-Splaine.
His reluctance to do so the greater surprises,
He does it so ably whenever he rises.

And what shall I say of our venerable Mentor,
Our Stedman, of Boston, with lungs like a stentor,
With which, when he likes, in a quarter 'f an hour
A raft of opponents can so overpower.
He is one of those men—and I speak in his praise—
Who can make little argument go a great ways;
And when he's contending against moral wrong,
He is worth a battalion of fifty men strong.

The House has two hard chaps, their names are well known,
You'll all understand when I say they're called Stone.
The first, Thomas N., is surely a treasure—
A Stone in the House is a Wellfleet of pleasure.
The Doctor's philosopher, statesman and poet,
It always is pleasant to get him to show it.

The other is famous, because in the fight
On suffrage for woman he fought for the right—
The right they demanded, for that's what I mean—
On the question in abstract some difference is seen.
But Stone, of West Brookfield, must take that side, you see
Because he's a brother of eloquent Lucy.

Of the T's there is Titus of Worcester, he
Is a young man of promise, as all of us see;
And can say what he thinks in a clear-headed way,
Though we cannot all think as he happens to say.
A "*surplusage* of tyranny" — that's what he fights;
He's willing that Tyranny capture *some* rights.
Well, we all can't agree, however we try,
But perhaps we all shall "in the sweet by and by."

And now I have come to the last letter — W,
And my tiresome rhyme will but little more trouble you.
There is Wallace of Fitchburg so quiet and still;
And Waters of Webster "engrossed" in a bill;
And Watson of Lowell with courage too sinking
To speak, but he "keeps up a deal of a thinking."
There's Wellington, too, a most capital man,
Who believed so profoundly the state railroad plan.

And two Whites on the list our divisions possess,
The talking one's name is pronounced Tisdale S.

He's at home on all questions, and sticks like grim Death.
And can talk full two minutes without taking breath.

And there's Captain Whitfield of Fairhaven, too,
Who tells what committees on fisheries do,
But we are no wiser way back in the rear,
Because he 'll address no one else but the Chair.

There is Whitman, who much to the members' surprise
On a judicial topic adventured to rise;
But the legal committee soon found that he knew
What law *is*, and just what it ought to be, too.

There's Wilson, who knows all about Boston grades,
And who fights sharp whenever a swindle invades.

And then there is Winslow — but caution, my pen!
'T is n't easy to say what you think of some men.
Sometimes he appears like the sort of a parson
Who perhaps might be guilty of murder or arson.
But anon he a lamb-like and mild way discloses,
A meekness that might have done credit to Moses.
But when he is fighting what he thinks are wrongs,
'T is the *militant* church to which he belongs,
And he brandishes, right in his enemy's view,
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," too.
He takes every bull so direct by the horns
That he's terribly apt to hurt somebody's corns.

And now at the end we have come to the Woods,
Not the worst of the bads nor the best of the goods,
But when his name's called we all feel a relief,
Though it may show a victory, or bring us to grief.

There are some here, I know, whose names I've not called.
And if time would permit I'd have them overhauled.
But I think I have shown from the first to the last.
That these resolutions ought now to be passed.
And reviewing the scenes we have all just gone through,
And recalling the work of five months to our view,
Let us bury all feuds, and our mem'ries combine,
Like the dial, to "mark only hours that shine."
And believe of each other that best as we knew
We have tried each our duty in conscience to do:
We have differed as all men must differ, of course,
And let us be thankful we differed no worse.
And wish to each other a hearty God speed!
As we part — and it is a sad parting indeed.
For a fragrant remembrance it ever will be
That we were all members in Seventy-Three.

The following supplementary lines were written and read by W. H. Loughlin, of Lowell, and are printed by request:

Though cheerful is our parting hour,
  Should we forget the man,
Whose pointed thrusts and sweetest verse
  In rousing accents ran?

And brightest flame to highest thought
  Of what we did and knew,
Was fanned, by Marden, in his verse—
  It seemed as though it grew.

But Marden is a pleasant soul,
He stirs all things about,
From "fertilizers" down to "Hash,"
And "laying railroads out."

The "Tunnel" bears no dread for him—
As agile as a fly
He rushes through that dismal "bore."
To hear the Shanleys cry

"More aid, to help us through the job!"
And Marden pricks his ears,
'Tis not the "meal" he dreads, oh, no,
But 'tis the "cat" he fears.

Of rum, and gin, and things so small,
Our Marden has a dread;
But "cider clause," somehow won't hold
A niche in Marden's head.

And when "State Cops" don't please him well
He's bound to make them feel,
That he can curb their temper down
Upon an Emery wheel.

But God bless Marden, say we all,
He is a wit, we know;
And he who frowns at Marden's verse
Can't stand much of a show.

And if next year he is returned
—We wish that he may be—
And if he is we only ask
That we be there to see.

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